

T H E  
Better Sequel

BETTER'D.

I N A

D I A L O G U E

Betwixt the

O A K

A N D T H E

D U N G H I L L.

---

*Comparisons often are odiously made,  
Which sharply and shamefully may be repaid;  
We say what we will, and scorn to repent it.  
We hear what we would not, and must be contented.*  
Æ S O P Nat.

---

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Better Record

BETTER

DIALOGUE

Between the

Q. A. K.

AND THE

DUNGHILL

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THE DUNGHILL  
AND THE Q. A. K.  
BY  
ALEXANDER COCHRAN  
OF BOSTON  
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1911

T H E  
**Better Sequel**  
**BETTER'D.**

O A K.

**T**HOU Scoundrel *Dunghill*, hence,  
avaunt;

Thou rotting, smoaking Miscreant;  
Remove thy noisome Heap of Mud  
Far from my cleanly Neighbourhood;  
Nor spread thy Soil to give Offence,  
Thou Lump of vile *Sir-Reverence*.---

*D U N G H I L L.*

*Sir Oak*, your Highness makes me smile  
At your great Courtliness of Stile:



Tho' now you nice and squeamish are,  
 You once could bear me nearer far,  
 When humbly to your Service bound,  
 I did your Bus'ness under Ground,  
 My *Compost* made your *Verdure* rise,  
*Gold-finders* should not *Dung* despise.

O A K.

I thrive by thee! whom I defie!  
 Tho' deep as Hell, as Heaven high!  
 Sov'reign of Woods, sacred to *Jove*,  
 Sprung from the *Dodonaean* Grove,  
 Consulted in Affairs of Doubt,  
 Do I not Oracles give out!

DUNG HILL.

Yes; but 'tis hardly worth the while  
 Consulting whether *Cross* or *Pile*;  
 Small Light Men by your Answers gain,  
 Without new Answers to explain;



Tho' if you think 'twill Honour win ye,  
 I freely own the Devil's in ye;  
 My slighted Dirt the World will find  
 Of thrice the Service to Mankind.

O A K.

Thou! from thy Surface what proceeds?  
 Ten Thousand Nettles, stinging Weeds,  
 And Hemlock, whose pernicious Cold  
 One *Phocion* kill'd-- as I am told.

D U N G H I L L.

Are Nettles despicable things?  
 You once admir'd them for their Stings,  
 And have, perhaps, Advantage made  
 Sometimes of *Hemlock* and *Night-Shade*:  
 I own, that *Hemlock Phocion* flew,  
 But what is *Phocion*, pray, to you?  
 A Heroe in a thread-bare Cloak,  
 With Beggar's Purse, and Beggar's Look,

B

Who lov'd not Fopperies of *France*,  
 Nor *Honi soit qui mal y pense*;  
 But dy'd as poor, when out of Place,  
 As *Harley* or *Godolphin* was---

O A K.

I could thy Infolence chastise  
 With Ease, by *Pains* and *Penalties*;  
 And surely would, did I not think,  
 The more thou'rt stirr'd, the more thoult  
 stink.

D U N G H I L L.

Doubtless my Savour would be strong,  
 For I have lain near you so long,  
 My Secrets you can scarce have shewn,  
 Without discov'ring of your own.

O A K.

Art thou not *Square*, and *Squab*, and *Squat*?  
 Answer me this, thou Patriot!



Why do I deign to talk of thee,  
 Thou Thing of Filth and low Degree?  
 I that all Enemies defy!  
 I that eternally *Am* I!

**D U N G H I L L.**

My Form I cannot help, if low,  
 The Thanks to him that made me so:  
 You ne'er were wanting, in your Days,  
 At trumpeting your proper Praise:  
 The only Proof the World has had  
 You live by Neighbours that are bad.

**O A K.**

But Raillery apart, I hope  
 You own, that Weeds are all your Crop.

**D U N G H I L L.**

If only Weeds as yet I bear,  
 'Tis you the sole Occasion are;

To whose Incumb'rance 'tis we owe  
 Our Landlord has no Corn to sow:  
 Else wou'd I soon reward his Pain,  
 And crown the Field with *yellow Grain*.  
 But, pray, what Fruits on you, Sir, grow,  
 To make your Boast of *Mistletoe*?  
 Which Fools with Wonder may behold,  
 Who all that glisters take for Gold.  
 What else is yours, dear Friend of mine,  
 Except some Acorns, Food of Swine?  
 Tho' Men, if you continue *Great*,  
 Will soon have nothing else to eat;  
 The *only Way* your Highness Sage  
 Will e'er restore the *Golden Age*.

O A K.

Thou base-bred Wretch! do I not stand  
 The Glory of my native Land?  
 For publick Good do I not spread  
 The Honours of my leafy Head?



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And kindly save the subject Plains,  
And Flocks and Landlords from the Rains.

D U N G H I L L.

Yes, You protect them for a Spurt,  
And quickly fouse them doubly for't;  
For if continual proves the Show'r,  
The Streams with Int'rest down you pour.  
Who stands beneath? So off from you  
The Water slides--- no Matter who.

O A K.

Ungrateful! that which off from me  
At Autumn falls, enriches thee.

D U N G H I L L.

How graciously you swell my Heap,  
By giving what you cannot keep,  
And now and then is Honour done me,  
By dropping *poultry Vermin* on me.

O A K.

Malice it self has ne'er deny'd,  
 That Timber is by Oak supply'd;  
 Whence Ships in ev'ry Ocean roll,  
 And spread my Fame from Pole to Pole.

## D U N G H I L L.

Wifely of *Ships* your Brag is made,  
 Say, Do they *fight*? Or, Do they *trade*?  
 So *the French King, and all his Men,*  
*Went up a Hill, and down again.*  
 More useful oft have I been found  
 Manuring but an Inch of Ground.  
 Two Ears of Corn more Profit yield  
 Than all the Navies you can build.

O A K.

Does not my Shelter wide display'd  
 Refresh the Summer with the Shade?



## DUNG HILL.

If Praise for this you would obtain,  
 Pack off to *Italy* or *Spain*:  
 Small Good in Northern Climes is done,  
 By shading Past'rage from the Sun;  
 Which you, to saucy Greatness grown,  
 Would fain have shine on you alone---  
 The Grass beneath your Branches seen  
 Is rank and sour, tho' high and green;  
 Nor can our Arable be good;  
 Unless our Landlord *grubs* the Wood;  
 And all his Ground from *Lumber* frees,  
 Old, hollow, rotten-hearted Trees:  
 And were you found, yet all must own,  
 You're good for nothing, till *cut down*.

## O A K.

Suppose me old, were it not hard  
 For Age a Servant to discard?

Besides, the *Royal Oak* is known  
 Full stedfast to the *British Throne*:  
 And he that has but Eyes to see,  
 Must needs confess that I am he;  
 In deep Distress I Succour bring,  
 And from Pursuit can *screen* a King.

### D U N G H I L L.

A verier Lye was never spoke  
 By *Dæmon* in or out of Oak:  
 Unfading Glories might you bear,  
 If you like your Forefathers were:  
 The *Royal Oak*, each Infant knows,  
 Once kept and hid a King from Foes,  
 Your *Screen* is spread for private Ends,  
 To keep and hide *One*---from his Friends.

F I N I S.